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A CONCORD LOVE SONG.

Shall we meet again, love,
In the distant When, love,
When the Now is Then, love,
And the Present Past?
Shall the mystic Yonder,
On which I ponder,
I sadly wonder,
With thee be cast?

Ah, the joyless meeting,
Of our primal meeting,
And the fateful greeting
Of the How and Why?
Ah, the thingness flying,
From the Hereness, sighing,
For a love undying,
That rain would die!

Ah, the farness sadd'ning,
The Whence and madd'ning,
And the But unglad ring,
That lie behind!
When the signless token
Of love is broken
In the speech unspoken
Of mind to mind.

But the mind perceiveth
When the spirit giveth,
And the heart believeth
Itself of woe;
And the doubt-mists lifted
From the eyes love-gifted
Are rent and rifted
In the warmer glow.

In the inner Me, love,
As I turn to thee, love,
I seem to see, love,
No ego there,
But the Meless dead, love,
The Thouness fled, love,
And born instead, love,
An Eness rare!

—James Jeffrey Roche, in Boston Transcript.

THE BACCARAT KING.

Career of a Remarkable Young Man—Heavy Winnings at Paris Gaming Tables—Losses and Final Disappointment—A Promise to Pay All Debts.

William R. Deutsch, well known in many Paris clubs, and who earned two years ago the sobriquet of "Le Roi de Baccarat," sailed in the *America* from this port to-day for New York. He leaves in Paris, I believe, a rather heavy amount of debts incurred at play, and has gone because he sees no way of recovering his losses and paying the debts already made. The career of the King of Baccarat in Paris has been a remarkable one, and if his wonderful successes were alone considered, his example would be rather an encouragement to the gambler than otherwise; but the interview which we publish below will show the dark, hopeless side of the picture; and its publication is not the least charitable act done by "Billy" Deutsch.

W. R. Deutsch is an American, and was for several years a well-known theatrical manager of New York, having once been prominently connected with Booth's Theaters and with other public places of entertainment of that city. He came to Europe about two and a half years ago, and during the past two years has been a prominent figure at several of the best known Parisian clubs.

The stories told of his play seem almost incredible, but it is certain that he had two years ago one of the most remarkable runs of luck ever known at cards. In August, 1882, Mr. Deutsch won for twenty-eight consecutive days at the Washington and Press Clubs, and during those days his smallest winning was eighteen thousand francs and his highest two hundred and sixty thousand francs. He never lost on any one of these days, and his total winnings were over one million, seven hundred thousand francs. That all of this sum has gone, and much more with it, in two years it is not necessary to say. How it has gone the sumptuous banquets at Delmonico's, New York, in Paris and in London costing thousands and tens of thousands of francs each; still further, heavy and unlucky play; and indeed all the extravagances of suddenly acquired wealth, will tell.

A correspondent of the *Morning News* met Mr. Deutsch before his departure and expressed surprise at his going.

"Yes," said Mr. Deutsch; "I am going back after a terrible experience. I have experienced all the ups and downs that a man possibly can, and now I have found the means and the courage to return, to begin life over again. I leave with spirits far from gay, and I am anything except happy. I go to meet abuse at home for my folly, and to hear from Paris that I have been condemned for what is unavoidable. I leave with debts behind—no debts of honor, but some humiliating—which it will take time to pay. All I have left now is my health and what my friends will admit, integrity of purpose."

"How did you manage to get in so bad a position after being worth upwards of two millions of francs?"

"Yes, I was worth two millions francs two years ago. But no man, except one who has made such a sum in one month, knows how to spend it in so short a time. The winner at cards is the most reckless, careless and extravagant man living. He gives right and left, he literally throws money away, and only appreciates his folly when he wants."

"Why did you not buy an annuity or put a sum where you could not get it again and could only draw the interest?"

"My Christian friend, I have seven boxes full of letters of advice; but when I have wanted a hundred francs I seldom got it."

"Is a beautiful world that we live in. To lead, or to spend, or to give in; but to beg or to borrow, or ask for your own. This is the very worst world that ever was known."

"But there is no use of crying for split milk, and I do not care to say much about my personal affairs. I only trust that my experience may tend to reform some and discourage others from continuing in the pursuit of what is only a pleasure while Fortune smiles, but is always a vice, and to all, ruin. Gamblers have success, but the greater the success the greater the fall and the greater the misery. A

gambler may in a moment of luck win, say two hundred thousand or three hundred thousand francs, but no man will repay him for sleepless nights and for hours of anxiety, for nights made into days. No occupation, legal, political, or mercantile, will pay for the extravagance he must indulge in. While he is in the full tide of pleasure the clouds are near, and the gambler finds his 'hell on earth.' For every hour of pleasure he spends days of misery. The pleasures become only recollections while misery, despair, and often suicide, stare him in the face.

"A man with the passion for play will do anything to procure money in order to recover his losses. He will borrow five thousand francs from his bank, one thousand francs from a friend, five hundred francs from an acquaintance, one hundred francs from a club waiter, twenty francs from the cook, ten francs from a cabby who may have driven him three or four times, and then five francs from anybody to get a dinner or breakfast with. All taste for honest industry leaves you, honor even takes wings and finally you are slighted by your friends and vilified by those you have served."

"You have won and lost large amounts during the past two years, have you not, Mr. Deutsch?"
"Yes, my differences in two years have been fully four million francs—that is, I have won quite two million and lost over two million."

"How much of this went for percentages to the clubs?"

"Well, I should think that at least four hundred thousand or five hundred thousand went into the clubs as percentages. It is only a question of time when the entire capital of a player must be consumed by the proprietors of clubs, and the various fees, etc., necessary. Play at Paris clubs means certain ruin if a man keeps at it long enough. They must in time ruin every man who plays at them, and they will finally consume all the capital or drive away the capitalists."

"What do you mean by ruining all the players?"

"I mean simply this: Take ten players each with ten thousand francs, or five hundred louis. They take alternately banks each of an average of fifty louis, which costs two louis to the canteen for each bank. Now they can deal fifty banks a day, which makes one hundred louis to the canteen, and thus in a certain number of days easily calculated the entire party must have lost the entire sum they went in with. Outside of this, the taxes are terrible. In the first place there are the dues of the club; second, the man who deals a bank at baccarat of ten louis must give one louis to the house, or ten per cent. of the original investment. If he loses, the players against him win but nine louis. If he wins but one louis in his bank, the players have lost two louis, and the banker wins nothing. Then if a man has occasion to ask credit at the canteen he has to pay one louis per day for every fifty louis he has lost."

"The charges at carte at the clubs are even worse. Five francs have to be paid for each pass, so that it is easily possible for two players to play and both lose. I have played with a gentleman forty-six games at one louis a game. My opponent won twenty-two and I won twenty-four times. At the finish, therefore, I had won two louis from my friend, but we had paid five francs for each pass—I paying six louis altogether and my friend five and a half louis, so that the net loss was nine and a half louis. I lost four louis and my friend seven and a half."

"There is no chance for any one unless he has a remarkable run of luck and then stops. But who will do that? No one has a right to play except the man with unlimited capital and the man with nothing."

"Besides the proprietors of clubs, some of the servants in the gambling rooms have made large sums, have they not?"
"Yes; there is a garçon at a club in Paris who, twelve or fourteen years ago, was an ordinary servant at a hundred francs a month. By small loans of a louis or fifty francs, charging tremendous interest to players, he built up a fortune valued at from four to seven million francs. He drives fine horses, has coachmen and footmen, a splendid hotel, and some of the most priceless pictures in France."

After a few further remarks of minor interest on the subject of his experience, and with expressions of hope for the future, Mr. Deutsch took his departure.—*Have Cor. Paris Morning News.*

Exploring Hudson's Bay.

The Canadian Government intends to make a thorough exploration of the great inland sea that occupies so large a portion of North America. The country bordering upon Hudson's Bay has heretofore been of value merely for its fur crop; but the Canadian Pacific Railroad, which is being constructed through the wilderness between Lake Superior and Hudson's Bay, has called attention to the industrial and commercial possibilities of the latter. There is said to be a wheat region north and northwest of Minnesota and Dakota, large enough to supply all the world with flour. At any rate, the Canadian Government has appointed experienced scientists to reveal to the world the exact value of the region surrounding Hudson's Bay. This is a matter of interest to us, for the time cannot be distant when all North America will be ours. There is no natural boundary between the United States and the Dominion. The latter is militarily indefensible, and its continuance as a dependency of Great Britain is an anachronism.—*Demorest's Monthly.*

PERSONAL AND IMPERSONAL.

—P. T. Barnum began his show life as an advertising agent for Turner's circus.—*N. Y. Sun.*

—General W. T. Sherman now considers that he has passed through all the trials of an American citizen. He lately umpired a base ball game.

—Augustine Daily is to be responsible for an innovation—the employment of negro ushers in his theater during the coming season.—*N. Y. Star.*

—John Hornsby, of Worth County, Georgia, is still his mother's baby boy, the youngest of the flock. His age is sixty and his mother is one hundred and five.

—Solomon McCabe, who was a wealthy colored man of Baltimore, has left in his will all his property for the founding of an aged people's home.—*Baltimore American.*

—A St. Louis lawyer says a marriage license is not necessary in Missouri. An agreement to live together as man and wife is all that the law requires.—*St. Louis Globe.*

—Lieutenant Danenhower, of Arctic fame, has been assigned to take charge of the departments of electricity, meteorology, and natural philosophy at the Naval Academy at Annapolis.

—Mrs. Jennings, a very old lady living near Athens, Ga., lately had a couple of bushels of wheat of different kinds that she wanted to save for seed. The two bushels got mixed together, and she separated it by picking it out grain at a time.—*Chicago Inter Ocean.*

—In middle life Mr. Gladstone formulated to himself rules for chewing food. Thirty-two bites were to be given to each mouthful of meat, certain less numbers to fish, bread, etc. These rules he has since closely adhered to, and he has trained his children to do the same.

—"There is a young lady in Atlanta," fervently remarks the *Constitution* of that city, "whose eyes are greatly admired, and yet no one can tell their color. There is nothing like them unless it be the brown furrows which sometimes heaped up in a belt of far-off sky at twilight."

—"Captain Joe," the local chief of the Wasatch Indians, says there is a squaw living in the outskirts of Carson, Nev., who is nearly one hundred and fifty years old. Her grandson, at the age of ninety, was one of General Fremont's guides when he crossed the Plains.—*Chicago Herald.*

—Mrs. Mackey, the wife of the California bonanza man, it is said, gives away one hundred and fifty thousand dollars in charity every year. Her benevolence recently led to a pathetic appeal from a Paris woman, whose daughter was about to be married, for any "old diamonds or rubies" she could spare.—*San Francisco Call.*

"A LITTLE NONSENSE."

—The woman who made a pound of butter out of the cream of a joke, and a cheese from the milk of human kindness has since washed the close of a year.

"I suppose," he remarked, as he returned from the barber shop with his hair cropped closely to his head, "you will call attention now to the size of my ears."

"Oh, no," she replied sweetly, "that would be altogether unnecessary, dear."—*N. Y. Graphic.*

—Two ladies had had a little tiff, and one of them remarked as she departed: "Well, as I told my husband this morning, I shouldn't care to be in your shoes." "Imagine not," the other one responded. "You would find them painfully close fitting."—*N. Y. Sun.*

—"Colonel Wilson is a fine-looking man, isn't he?" said a friend the other day. "Yes," replied another, "I was taken for him once." "You! why, you are as ugly as sin." "I don't care for that; I endorsed his note, and was taken for him—by the Sheriff."—*Texas Siftings.*

—"What name does your husband call you by?" said a bride to a friend who had been married several years; "does he call you ducky or lovey? My darling calls me ducky." "Does he?" Mine used to call me popsey-wopsey, but he doesn't use that term now." "What does he call you then?" "He calls me, 'Say, there!'"—*Somerville Journal.*

—Pianist—"Which part of my rhapsody did you most enjoy?" Ignoramus—"Which part?" "Yes, which movement?" "Oh! the last one." "Ah! that is the presto." "Presto? what a queer name!" "Do you think so?"

"Yes. Up our way when a man gets up, bends his back, smiles to the audience and walks off we call it a bow."—*Philadelphia Call.*

—Sniffkins had come home rather late, and when about half way up the first flight had concluded he would just as soon sleep there as anywhere, but Mrs. S. appeared at the top and began: "Jacob!" No answer. "Jacob, don't you hear me call you?" "Yes, 'm dear. Nothin' but two pair, six's up." And somehow the next morning he couldn't seem to persuade her that he had been at the store balancing the books.—*Boston Post.*

—"If you've got a clam hoe," said an impatient guest at a seaside hotel, "I'll go out and dig some myself. I ordered clam chowder twenty minutes ago, and I must take a train that leaves in half an hour." "Lord bless you, sir, we don't want clams. We never use any. We beess awitin' for Maria to get done washing the dishes. We wants the dish-water, we do." "What in heaven's name do you do with dish-water?" "Please, sir, we puts it into the clam chowder for thickening."—*Boston Globe.*



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SIGN—"BIG TOWN CLOCK,"

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Velveteens and Ribbed Cloths.

Velveteen is a marvel as at present produced and is bound to still more largely supersede velvet for all the purposes for which the latter is used. The Nonpareil remains the popular brand of velveteen and comes in all the new choice colors of the season. Some of these are lovely. All the green shades, the various blue and garnet tints are very handsome, and it is with difficulty that an expert can detect the rich black Nonpareil at two dollars the yard from Lyons velvet at ten dollars. The first will certainly wear better than the latter. For complete dresses, suits, jackets, basques, overdresses, children's clothing and the like, it is in every way desirable and looks as well as Lyons velvet at a fifth of the cost. This velveteen will be much used for redingotes, lined with satin surah. It is equally as handsome as Lyons velvet, and can not be distinguished from it, except that the pile does not rub up or pull out nor flatten so easily. The sarsaparilla poplins brought out for the early fall trade exhibit some of the characteristics of the old-time Irish poplins, but are decidedly finer in quality and softer in texture. They have a lustrous surface finish, which renders them particularly desirable for handsome costumes, and come in all the new tones of favorite colors.

Slightly ribbed cloth is more largely imported than the smooth hab' d'oth, and the rough bourette bison cloths will be worn again this winter. A new effect is given these by the arranging of threads in small cross-bars. Gray blue is a new shade in which these cloths appear, which is called Gordon blue, and there are bright greens which are called Little Duke green, and the cresson green, already familiar to our ladies. Those most admired are the mordore, or golden brown, the dahlia, prune and plum shades the red plum, and blue or daisy tints. Some of the recent woollens show broadened figures like velvet, and others have large balls of loosely woven silver or gilt threads arranged on separate breadths, so that they will be only used at the foot of the skirt, and there are bars and cross-bars of finel woven in the same way. In some instances the trimming for the new cloths is arranged on the dress pattern, and consists of bands of Astrakhan cloth, or designs in velvets outlined with Ecureuil cord. Another style shows the new cable-cord put on in borders, and fringed out fluffily at the ends. The Astrakhan bands are used as a border put on the foot of the skirt, and on the jacket, and from six to ten inches deep. Another style is to place the Astrakhan bands across the entire front and side of the skirt, below a short apron drape. Wide velvet ribbon may be used in this way on cloth dresses, and there are vines of applique figured velvet for the same purpose.

French cashmeres come in all the new shades, with tiny silk figures that look very much like embroidery, but these are only to be used for the basque or parts of the skirt, while the plain cashmere makes the foundation of the dress. One pretty piece is in Gordon blue, with embroidered spots of red with a gold rim.—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

The Locomotion of Shells.

The great conch, or strombus, has a veritable sword that it thrusts out, jerks into the ground, and by a muscular effort jerks itself along, making a decided leap. The squids, that are the brightest forms of mollusks, leap entirely clear of the water, often several feet. They are the ink-bearers, and from their ink-bags comes the sepia used by artists, while their bone is the cuttle-fish bone of commerce. Many of the cockles have a method of flying through the water that is quite novel. They are generally beautifully colored, and have long, streaming tentacles, and suddenly, without warning, they dart up from the bottom, and by a violent opening and shutting of their valves rush away with their long, reddish hair streaming after them, presenting a very curious appearance. The shell known as the Lima Nians is particularly remarkable for these flights, and all the scallops are jumpers and leapers. When placed in a boat they have been known to leap out, and the ordinary scallop has been known to jump out of a pot when placed upon a stove. A description of the different methods by which shells move would fill a volume.—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

British Guiana Forests.

In the quiet reaches of the river between the cataracts the scenery was extremely beautiful, but the thickness of the forest made it impossible, except when very near the shore, to distinguish the picturesque kinds of vegetation peculiar to the tropics from the vast wall of green which hedged us in. It was only when taking our midday rest, or at our camps for the night, that I was able to study the flora around me and note the beauty and profusion of its forms. Orchids were abundant enough, and, although I saw no species of great rarity, yet several kinds which were in flower at the time were very lovely. Bromelias and tillandsias grew in thousands, and the immense leaves of the pothos were seen everywhere. In one or two places I noticed the rare and beautiful climbing palm (desmodium), and in the open parts of the forest were great numbers of caladiums, the varicolored leaves of which are so familiar in our hothouses.

Animal life was in no way prominent, although there could be no doubt that the forest was thickly peopled, for at night as we sat around the camp-fire or lay in our hammocks many were the weird sounds that came from the thick jungle near by. The nightly concert was usually started by the bo-sun, a large cicada, who sat in the tree-tops and blew a tremulous whistle which could be heard to a great distance. He was followed by the hylas, or tree-toads, who gave vent to every conceivable sound, from that of the sawing of wood to the clanking of many chains, and were accompanied in their vocal efforts by their relations in the marshes, who kept up a deep and not unmusical bass. All night long the goatsuckers never desisted from their melancholy moaning, and once in awhile a strange, mournful wail came from the forest, causing us to start and shiver as we heard it. It was the note of the bird called lost soul. Once or twice the loud, deep roar of the jaguar was heard, and it never failed to cause a panic among the Indians, who invariably moved their hammock-poles nearer the water or raised the hammocks higher in the trees to be out of the tiger's reach should he pass our way. Out of all the appalling, blood-curdling sounds that were heard in these tropical woods none could equal the noise that came from the throat of the red-coated, black-faced, howling monkey (mycetes seneculus), the "baboon" of the colony. Occasionally some of these baboons favored us with a little rehearsal during the night, but it was towards morning that the concert itself began, and then, until I became accustomed to it, there was no more sleep for me. Words are inadequate to describe the sound which these animals produce. It is something between a howl and a roar, with an occasional grunt thrown in, the whole being delivered with about the intensity of a fog-whistle, and the concert being participated in by baboons for miles around. When all these fellows are attending strictly to business the result in the way of a noise may be imagined.

Tracks of the tapir were several times seen in marshy places near the river bank, and I sometimes got a shot at flocks of the little, red sackawink monkeys, which were very common on this river. Ignas called "Waimucka" by the Indians, frequently tumbled from the branches into the stream when we paddled near the shore, and on two occasions some of our men brought in peccaries, or bush-hogs, which they had shot with their arrows near our camp, and which proved a most welcome addition to our larder, notwithstanding their rankness; but visible game was scarce, and a man would have had a poor living who depended on his gun for support.—*Cor. Chicago Tribune.*

She Got What She Liked.

She was young, and sweet, and poetic, and he was young and mischievous. They were sitting out on the veranda in the moonlight and she grew ethereal.
"Oh, how I love to sit out here in the moonlight," she cooed; "to be fanned by the languorous perfumes of the roses and to be kissed by the soft airs from the South!"
Then he kissed her and she grew indignant.
"How dare you?" she almost sobbed.
"Why, I'm a soft heir from the South," he replied, contritely.
She didn't say anything when he kissed her again.—*Washington Hatchet.*

The Legend of Star Island.

During the troublesome times before and subsequent to the revolution the Isles of Shoals, off the coast of New Hampshire, were the resort and hiding places of the freebooters who haunted the northern coast, and these silent rocks, if they could speak, would tell many a tale of bloody cruelty and gloomy wrong. The pirates used to come here to divide and hide their booty, and melt up the silverplate they captured from the colonists along the coast.

For a long time it was supposed that bushels of doubloons were buried in the gaping crevices of the rocks, or the little caves that have been eaten out of the ledges by the restless tide; but the place was thoroughly searched by several generations of fishermen, and nothing more valuable than a rusty cutlass or a bust blunderbus was ever found.

The grandames tell how Captain Kydd came here often "as he sailed as he sailed," and there are legends of other pirates quite as fierce and free as he. The Star Island used to be haunted by a beautiful specter with long white robes and golden tresses reaching to her heels, who used to come out of some undiscovered cavern at dawn and shadowing her eyes with a hand that was as white and beautiful as a lily's bosom, gaze off upon the sea in hopeless expectancy of the return of a clipper that sailed away and never came back again.

The story goes that a bloody-hearted old pirate, being pursued by a cruiser, brought his beautiful mistress here and left her while he went out to battle, telling her that by dawn he would be back again, but he came not, not even till now. She died of starvation, but her faithful spirit still comes to the summit of the island as the sun rises each morning, to meet the corsair, who never returned.

There are eight of the islands, the smallest being as large, or rather as small, as a city building lot, and the largest containing only a couple of hundred acres—nothing but bare, lifeless rocks, carved by the incessant waves into strange grotesqueries, and covered by no vegetation except low clinging vines and the New England blueberry. Four of the islands are inhabited, the largest, the Appledore, bears a hotel and a few cottages. Star Island has another hotel and a small settlement of fishermen, a third has a few fishermen's huts, and the fourth has a bold, white lighthouse springing out of its crest. They were discovered by Captain John Smith, the friend of Pocahontas, who in 1614 explored the New England coast in an open boat, and spent some time here making repairs and resting.

On Star Island stands the only monument erected in America to Captain John Smith it is a rude affair—a prismatic-shaped shaft of marble, upon a pedestal of sandstone, inscribed at length with the record of his valorous deeds, and some cyclopedias say he is buried here, but that is a mistake.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Hawaiian Houses.

The houses of Honolulu are always open, day and night, as the temperature is so warm that one has to sleep out of doors, as it were, to get enough fresh air. They are built mostly of wood, though many of the oldest and more substantial houses are built of coral stone, a few of lava stone, and many may yet be seen within the limits of Honolulu made of grass and occupied by the natives. These native huts or houses are built by making a framework of bamboo poles covered with layers of the banana tree, the trunk of which can be removed in layers. This again is covered with grass and trimmed on the corners and top by weaving the grass into different patterns. One opening or door usually admits enough light and air for the average native, though some huts are divided into several rooms, with two and sometimes three doors. A mat hung down on the inside, covering the opening, is the common door. Mats made of broad grass interwoven or braided, and sometimes flags form the carpets, and a pile of from two to ten, and sometimes even more, make the bed on which the natives and invited guests sleep. Furniture there is none, the natives always sitting on the ground with their legs crossed beneath them. Their kitchen is outside, and is composed of a heap of stones and ordinarily an iron pot.—*Boston Transcript.*